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VOL. 7. NO. 163.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, May 23, 1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

PROFESSOR MORSE:

PRESIDENT OF THE A. No. 1 COPPER-BOTTOMED AND FASTENED SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USELESS POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.

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A Great National Celebration.

AT A MEETING OF THE

Board of Directors of the Union League of Philadelphia, held March 26th, 1863,

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS, PRESENTED BY MR. CHAS. GIBBONS, WERE UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED:

RESOLVED.

1. That the League will celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.
2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.
3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.
4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect.

WM. M. MEREDITH, President.

GEO. H. BOKER, Secretary.

Union League Headquarters.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS.

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VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WILL BE RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND WILL BE FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

No advance of price, notwithstanding the still increased cost of materials, and no abatement in size.

VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every other consideration for the time being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion until it is thoroughly crushed, will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government in this necessary work, and at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, making the paper in every particular THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

No. 160, for May 1st, will be ready for delivery on the 24th April, and orders may be sent to any of the New-York Newsmen, or direct to this office.

Back Numbers and Bound Volumes of Vanity Fair furnished direct through Agents. Remember, this is the only Original, Humorous, and Satirical Illustrated Paper published in America; every article and every illustration being prepared expressly for it.

Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country who know what the public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political, illustrations of VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, effect, and sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. In every respect they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other foreign papers, nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do duty under new titles, or, when original, engraved by unskillful, cheap workmen, but every one is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which it appears, engraved by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND TIME ON THE PAPER.

The paper will be published every Saturday, and will be for sale everywhere one week preceding its date, at SIX CENTS per copy, but those who wish to sustain it will do so more thoroughly by subscribing, and remitting us THREE DOLLARS, for which the paper will be sent one year, post-paid.
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Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER.

Mrs. Fitz Nob.—"DO KEEP THAT BABY QUIET, FANCHETTE! FIDO IS ENJOYING A SWEET SLUMBER, AND MUST NOT BE DISTURBED. OH DEAR! DEAR! WHAT A TRIAL BRINGING UP CHILDREN IS!"

Save them from their Friends.

THERE seems to be no doubt of the fact that the redoubtable rebel chief, "Stonewall" JACKSON, has met his death, by shots from his own soldiers.

Thus of the Southern sympathizers, here—the blundering Copperheads. Every shot fired by these for Secession peppers the latter more or less, and warns the North to stand Mustered to a man, in readiness for the Broil.

THE "AGE" OF PHILADELPHIA. — Unknown to the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants.

A French Compliment.

As a curious illustration of the ignorance about everything American on the part even of the most highly cultivated Europeans, the following, from the Paris correspondence of a New-York journal, will be read with interest:

"Among the turn-outs, few attract more attention than Baker's, of California, with his 2.40 American trotters, and his light and elegant 'Watson wagons.' Even the Empress exclaims: '*Comme il est leger!*'"

From this it would appear that the Empress of the French mistook a Baker's wagon for Mr. BONNER'S "Ledger team." "*Comme il est Leger!*" indeed! Your imperial husband is much to blame, Madame, for not teaching you better than that.

The Difference of Races.

THE Paris correspondent of the *World* says that "The races every Sunday attract hundreds of thousands to the *Bois*."

How immense the difference of races! In this country the Boys are attracted to them, instead.

A LIFTING OF THE VEIL.

PEEP THE THIRD.

WE promised to give a sketch of the proceedings of the S. C. A. conclave.

Being still, in spite of our recent association with COPPERHEADS, in the habit of keeping our promises, we "go in."

The first ceremony of the S. C. A. was to call the meeting to order.

After calling several times, and finding that nobody in the least came, the G. P. was about to repeat the experiment, when a Distinguished Member rose, and said, explanatorily:

"Gentlemen, you don't appear to comprehend this calling to order. It is a mere formality. We do not intend to call any one to any special order. Order is the bugbear of tyranny! Order is the dark and desperate motive of the nefarious strife which the Lincoln Administration is now carrying on! Let the responsibility lie upon the fanatical imbeciles who are now striving to reduce our once rampant Democracy to a state of Order unparalleled in the annals of—of —of anything! Gentlemen, we will have no Order thrust upon us by the Despots who rule at Washington! Order is unconstitutional! 'Stand not upon the order,' gentlemen, as Shakespeare, who was a Democrat beyond doubt, wittily says, 'but go at once,' any of you, and cash our worthy G. P's. call to order, which, Gentlemen, is merely intended, in a Pickwickian sense, as a call to order—drinks."

The Distinguished Member sat down amid great cheers, and the business of the evening commenced.

The first speaker was a somewhat rugged specimen of COPPERHEAD, who made a very short but intensely pointed remark, to the effect that "he didn't see the drinks!"

Some confusion here occurred, in the midst of which a member, who looked like the minister of a fashionable church where the majority of the congregation were females, but who was not at all a Reverend, as we were afterward told, indeed, on the contrary, 'a limb'—of the law. This very nice person rose and spoke. What he said, we cannot recall, our observation being concentrated upon the curious phenomenon produced by his discourse on the audience, who became so deeply silent as to convey to an unprejudiced looker-on the impression that they were all asleep. It was only when he concluded that we became aware we had, ourself, shared in the "general sentiment of the occasion."

After this, the business of the evening consisted of a miscellaneous progression of exits and entrances, the former being to the latter, as say five to one, combined with the semi-occasional utterance of some very eloquent epithets as applied to President LINCOLN, General HALLECK, Mr. STANTON, and the other officers of the Cabinet. In these discussions the orators evinced commendable impartiality, giving to one as freely as to the other, the benefit of their peculiar talent in the epithetical line of argument.

At a certain stage of the proceedings, we gazed upon the scene, and discovered that the G. P., three Distinguished Members, and ourself, constituted an unanimous majority of the meeting.

This was the critical moment, at which, finding it quite early, we adjourned under the circumstances hinted at in our last "peep."

As we opine, from personal observation, that it may be four years and it may (and more probably will) be for ever, ere the S. C. A. say or do anything further worth attending to, we shall drop them for the present here, and remain, yours,

'Till "next snow," NIPSET.

Footing it Up.

IT is said that over three million pairs of "metal shoe-tips" are now turned out annually from manufactories at Lewiston, Maine.

From this it would appear that the mania for metal-casing everything is advancing "about a foot."

IRON THAT ENTERS INTO THE SOLE.—Income Tacks.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM McARONE.

RAPPAHANNOCK, 8th May.

I HAVE changed my base, dear VANITY, and now write from the smiling banks of the Rappahannock. There is something going on, so I am here.

The other night, when the thunder-clouds of heaven hung silently above the grimly-serried heights of Fredricksburgh, and the murkey mists lay gloomily athwart the sacred mud of Virginia, a young and manly form might have been seen prancing mysteriously about among the snowy tents of the Army of the Potomac.

Fighting JOE sat sternly into his marquee, surrounded by the brave commanders of his divers corps. Maps and plans bestrewed the centre-table, and the carpet was littered with works on military science, fortification, navigation, botany, and stair-building.

It was, in a word, a scene for a painter.

The young and manly form intruded itself briskly upon the solemnity of this council of war.

Every officer arose, bowed politely, and welcomed the new-comer with acclamations. Several shed tears.

"My dear MAC!" cried Fighting JOE, "you are just in time. Look at my plans. This red line is me; that black line is the Rebels. What shall I do?"

I pointed first to the red line, and then to the black.

"Put this and that together," I said, impressively.

Shouts of "*Vive* McARONE!" made the welkin ring.

"There!" exclaimed Fighting JOE, "that is just what I was trying to think of! I knew there was something to be done, and that is it. I thank you, General. Will you smile?"

I smiled.

The next day, the Rebels saw an army with banners, marching down the river, and at night, the fires of an immense camp were reflected with fine effect from the placid water.

Then the Rebels also marched down the river.

The next day, they saw an army with banners, laying pontoons over to Fredericksburgh, and crossing.

Then the Rebels marched back to Fredericksburgh.

The next day, they found that while they had been marching down and back, a whole raft of armies with banners innumerable, had quietly crossed the river, twenty miles above.

Then the Rebels began to quake in their boots. . . . those that had boots to quake in. The rest went it bare-foot.

Thus matters stood last night. The cannon already begin to growl along the heights and valleys, and as the demon of war is about to trail his blood-stained garments once more along this path, important intelligence of a military nature may shortly be expected.

LATER.

No, . . . you can't call it a defeat. The *Herald* does. The *Tribune* says "the Rebels claim, *and justly*, a great triumph." But those valuable journals have, I believe, been mistaken before now. . . .

While, *au contraire*, I do not remember ever having made a mistake in my life.

Still, we did not do all we intended to do on the Rappahannock.

There were several reasons for this. One was, we didn't want to. . . . And one was, we couldn't.

Perhaps the principal difficulty was with the Eleventh Corps. There was a mistake about its movement; though, when it reached Chancellorsville, it was commanded by an efficient and able officer, Baron VON KOWHINGEN, of my staff.

This officer dashed intrepidly forward upon the war-path; and, finding it more extensive than he had thought, exclaimed to his men:

"Come on! Here it's longer."

Then a phenomenon presented itself.

The Eleventh is a German corps. Few of the men understand the language well. These honest Teutons mistook their leader's words. . . !

They thought he said: "Come on; here is Lager!"

Thirsty, and weary with marching, they joyfully put down their arms, knapsacks, etc., and dispersed in quest of the foaming and irresistible beverage.

By the time they found out their error, a considerably greater and less thirsty force of Rebels occupied the ground, and, unfortunately, picked up the equipment and arms of the lager-loving Eleventh.

At about the same time, I began to fear for the safety of my pontoon bridges.

"JOE," said I, "the Rappahannock is riz. We must look after our boats."

"I'm not going back that way," said he. "I'm going home by the James's River, from Richmond."

"But we will want the pontoons on the peninsula . . . when we get there," said I to him.

"Sure enough. Well, send some men to see how much the river is rising, and then we'll see."

I sent a division. . . . I see, now, that so many were not required. However, it can't be helped. . . .

It was SEDGWICK'S division. They marched down to the water at United States Ford, closely pursued and harrassed all the way by the Rebels. I had ordered the examination to be a thorough one. There was only one way to test the depth and current, and that was by wading; so the entire division was waded across through the mud and water.

A superior force of Rebels immediately occupied the other shore, and planted field batteries to command the ford. Our men had got their ammunition wet, and were somewhat disordered, so they couldn't recross very well.

I told JOE what I had done. He didn't seem to think it very smart.

"I wouldn't be a gibbering and inscrutable idiot, like *some folks*," he said, "if I could help it."

I don't think he ought to have spoken so to me.

But, after all, the affair was a brilliant one. Maybe, you've heard of STONEMAN and his cavalry. I have notified President LINCOLN that STONEMAN is a hunkey boy, and his cavalry is another. . . .

Some say they took Richmond.

. . . I am not permitted to tell all I know.

I hear that the Cabinet have very weighty affairs On Foot. I advise them, however, to have them On Horseback instead, with STONEMAN to lead them!

The *Herald* wants him made Commander-in-Chief of this Army; and, perhaps, with some reason. But why not give Fighting JOE a fair trial? McCLELLAN had a full swing for ever-so-long; but since then we have dismissed our generals after one battle. Now, I know that JOE is a first-rate soldier, and I want him kept here.

. . . I presume that my wish will be respected in this matter.

In point of fact, dear VANITY, there is but one man that I would rather see at our head just now.

His other name is Honest Old ABE.

He has been carefully studying the science of War for two years, now, and knows more about it than some of our West Point chickens, ten to one. He is popular with the Army, smart as a steel-trap, a terror to the Rebels, and plucky as the d . . . l himself.

Why not hurrah for General LINCOLN, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, and flower of the flock?

He and I could coöperate beautifully, I know, and the backbone of this rebellion would be broken in three months past all chance of mending.

Until then, I am, Yours, McARONE.

A HOPELESS CASE.

READING in a newspaper (we make it a point to devour everything offered by newspapers) that a French physician has effected some wonderful cures of *delirium tremens* by impregnating with brandy all the food supplied to the patient, we resolved to test the thing by actual experiment. On the well-known principle, then, of *fiat experimentum in corpore vilo*, we procured the loan of a drunken Copperhead from an obliging policeman who was taking him to the station, undertaking to board him for a week, and return him at the expiration of that period in the same condition as that in which we received him. The fare of our patient for the first day under our care consisted of four pounds of mutton chops, cooked in a gallon of Bourbon whiskey. He was cheerful after this, and slept until the next morning, when he was regaled with six pounds of mutton chops cooked in seven quarts of Bourbon whiskey. This appeared to agree with him: he grew fleshy and garrulous, and said he would like to have some *habeas corpus* on toast, with milk, which we looked upon as a good sign. On the subsequent days we increased his rations gradually, until they reached the quantity of twenty-four pounds of mutton chops, cooked in ten gallons of Bourbon whiskey. This is the evening of the sixth day, and we hear the fellow bawling furiously for more mutton chops! We wish the policeman would come and take him away: he will find him exactly in the same condition as he was in when we received him, and, zealous though we be in the cause of science, we cannot afford to pay for any more liquor.

SWEEPING REFORMS.

We are sorry to hear that vigorous efforts are being made to curtail the long, sweeping trains in which the dresses of the modern lady of fashion terminate. The objections filed against them are, that men *will* tread upon them, thereby tripping up the fair wearers; that dirt *will* adhere to them, and that, in fact, they "won't wash." We are sorry to hear it, as we said before; sweeping reform always overleaps itself, and as, in the present state of things, we have to depend on ladies trains alone for the sweeping of our streets, our anticipations of a dusty time in prospect are the reverse of cheerful.

It is pleasanter to be able to announce that crinoline is on the wane; a vulgar person at our elbow says that it has always been on the wain, but his remark is beneath our contempt. The latest blow at it has been struck by the ladies of Hamm, in Westphalia. Perhaps the ladies of Hamm have been Egged on to this movement by their husbands. At anyrate they talk like martyrs, and declare that they are ready to sacrifice their crinoline. "Hoop skirts going at a sacrifice!" as the haberdashers say. The Hamm effort is likely to be followed up, here. We hope so. England owes much of its greatness to the teachings of Bacon, and why may not our American women take counsel from a Westphalian Hamm?

Clown Pie.

There is a suggestion of great horror contained in the following extract from a country paper:

"Col. Grierson's cavalry, now making a foray into Mississippi, east of Vicksburgh, captured Dan Rice, the famous clown, at Summit."

This, taken in connection with a statement in a rebel journal, to the effect that one of their army divisions has had little else than Rice to live on for some time past, makes us shudder at the probable condition of the popular circussian, who must have lost flesh among the cannibals.

Bad for the Eleventh Hour.—The Eleventh Corps.

Pitching into Him.

"It is easy to see that you are not a pugilist," said Orson to Valentine, who was bitterly lamenting the loss of a favorite ring, dropped by him in a free fight.

"How so?" asked Valentine, with a high-toned snort.

"Because," replied Orson, "the pugilist always Pitches the Ring before he goes in for a fight, and if you had done that with yours it wouldn't have slipped from your finger."

In To-to.

A daily paper says that Governor Seymour has "put his foot upon the Broadway Railroad Bill."

Not exactly, we believe. Although, which amounts to just the same thing, he has put his ve-to upon it.

HACKLEY AND THE CAT.

Before sailing in with a few remarks regarding the scavengers of New-York City, we beg to convey our thanks to the City Inspector, for a very elegantly attired copy of his Report for the year 1862. As yet we have not had time to devote to this volume the attention it certainly deserves; for what were a city without a City Inspector? to which we ourself, as Echo is laid up with the effects of a City Smell, will unreservedly reply, "just as humiliating a spectacle as a City Inspector would be without a City."

Let us just allude to the binding of the gorgeous book under notice. It is of a charming *mauve* tint; beautiful in itself, satisfactory to the eye, and highly suggestive of the *mauvais condition* of the streets, lanes, back-alleys and courts of our many-scented city. Most appropriately might the book have been dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, as the tutelar deity of a city throughout which Ammonia pervades the air, irritating with pungent influence the mucous membrane of those who happen to have any of that article left. Not that Jupiter Ammon has sole control of our civic affairs—oh, no! by no means. There is one Jupiter Mammon who has got a great deal to do with them, and a dirtier fellow, if possible, than the other, is he.

As we pause amid these reflections, and gaze thoughtfully from our window into the street, the sight of a dead cat sleeping its last sleep in the gutter there—an object to which we have become so accustomed that we shall have to replace it with a stuffed one should it ever be removed—the sight of that defunct purrer, we say, reminds us of Hackley. If some person of Peorian darkness should haply ask us who and what Hackley is, we will reply that Hackley is the *contractor for the removal of that dead cat*, for neglecting to remove which he has received, according to the City Inspector's report, the nice little sum of $279,000—which, we hope and trust, has all been paid to him in city scents. Here is what the City Inspector tells us about Hackley:

"During the two years for which the city contractor has received full pay, he has not done more than one year's actual work in cleaning the city, as the returns in this Department abundantly prove."

Here we have a pretty strong team—Ammon in harness with Mammon. The removal of The Cat, we think, might possibly have been accomplished with a smaller force; but this is a defective and badly-divided world, and we cannot expect to have everything in it arranged exactly according to our individual tastes or smells.

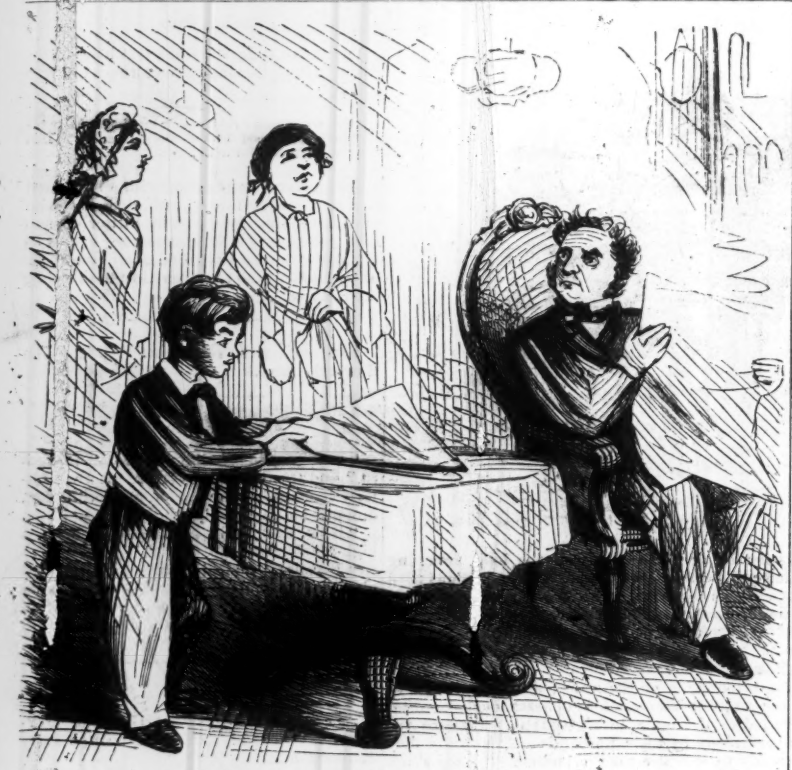
So far as the removal of The Cat goes, we are informed by the City Inspector that he has no discretionary power over the City Contractor, which, decidedly, is bad for the City. But, as we said before, we, individually, should regret the removal of The Cat. What we want is the removal of Hackley, because many of our excellent neighbors object to the presence of The Cat, and say that it makes them sick. Now, that's exactly what Hackley makes *us*, and we insist upon having Hackley "dumped." Make a dirt-hole anywhere: you can't miss the spot for *that* in New-York, and "dump" Hackley into it. Then, as dirty London has its "Hockley in the Hole," dirtier New-York would have its "Hackley in the Hole." The locality would have an odor of unsanctity about it forever. The Cat would evaporate in a season or two, and the city mortality would decrease materially.

By and by, perhaps, we shall adduce some remarkable "modern instances" from the City Inspector's report.

A Blast from our Piper.

The Cunard Company announce that a new steamer, to be called the *Cuba*, is in course of construction for their mail service.

It is but fair to infer from this that smoke-pipes will be no longer tolerated on the Company's steamers, now that they have taken to the Cuba.



SUMMER PROSPECTS.

Unpleasant Boy.—"I SEE THEY'RE GOING TO COLLECT THE INCOME TAX. WHAT ABOUT GOING TO NEWPORT THIS SUMMER, GOVERNOR?—'GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN A FEW AND PUT UP WITH CONEY ISLAND!"

Interesting Scientific Fact.

SOME idea may be formed of the tremendous effects of the powder-magazine explosion at the foot of Seventy-ninth street, on Monday night last, from the fact that a steamboat bound eastward at the time, travelled all the way to New-Haven on the Sound.

A SAW THAT SEEMS TO BE DESTINED FOR THE DIVISION OF EUROPE.—Warsaw.

Block Aid.

THE latest from Mexico is that "only six blocks of Puebla are as yet in possession of the French."

We do not know the exact number of blocks of which Puebla consists; but, if we are to judge from the trouble already given to the French by Mexico, we should say that the latter has blocks enough at Puebla, or elsewhere, to block the French game.

A Craft that is "too many" for the Rebs.

OUR land-going WESSEL in North-Carolina.

"Quod est Demonstrandum."

WHY do those ladies who cultivate an unnaturally small waist, and those men (or women) who retain their cheerfulness under the severest trials, present the same problem to the "Inquiring Mind?"

Because, in both cases, the I. M. wonders how they contrive to so-lace themselves!

Latin for the Southern "Patriot"?

Dulce et decorum est pro slavery mori!
(VIRGIL—*improved.*)

PITCHER-ESQUE.

THE pitcher, that, unto the well—
The proverb says—still rashly goes,
Gets broken at the last! Now, this,
CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM knows.

Not to the "Well of Truth," nor that
Whence "English undefiled" may flow,
But to a pool where Treason lurked
VALLANDIGHAM was wont to go!

Losing his balance on its brink,
Had BURNSIDE sent no rescue there,
Poor VALLANDIGHAM had been smashed,
At the next step, beyond repair!

Though "cracked," and "off the handle," now,
He's "laid away" by UNCLE SAM,
Who thinks that time, and UNION glue,
May yet restore VALLANDIGHAM!

A(K)N OBVIOUS ANSWER

To V. F. and "Several Correspondents."

T gives the subscriber pleasure to be able to furnish you the desi d information with regard to who and what is "PILOT KNOB." hough called "*Pilot*" KNOB, he is, in reality, nothing but an O rseer of iron craft in Missouri.

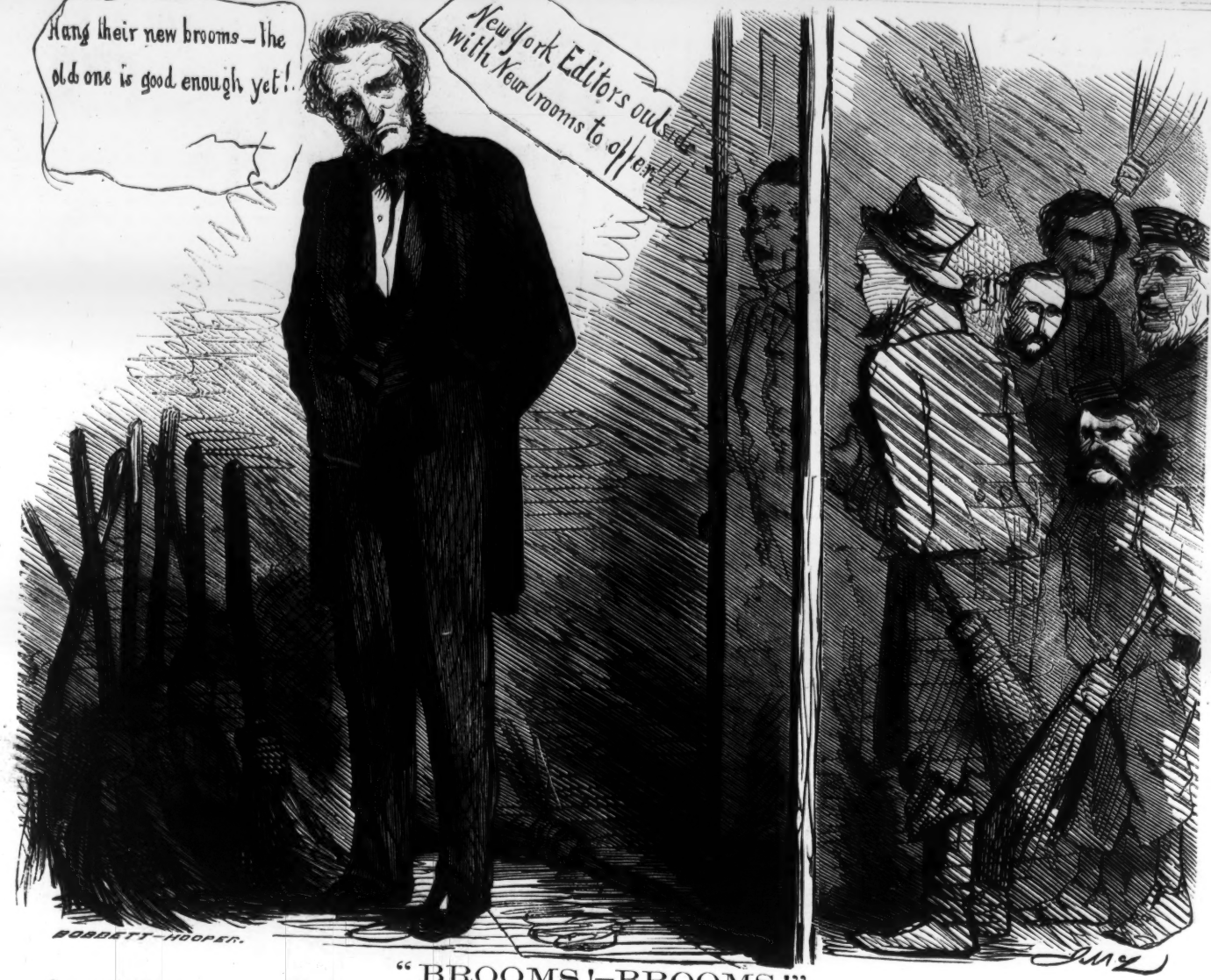
n his leisure moments, he sometimes solaces himself with music, his favorite instrument being the "conk," or conch, which is played on by repeated "blows." Although somewhat rigid by nature, he h seasons of softness, during which he allows the workmen to h mmer him in the most scientific manner. From the blows thus d lt him, has arisen the familiar fistic phrase of "one for his knob." H general appearance is rough, but he carries a pretty high head, always has lots of "rocks" about him, and is on the whole a tolerably "steep" specimen of his kind.

He is nearly related to the Hill family, by the way—the loyal Hills of Missouri, I mean—having no connection with the Rebel Hills of that ilk, all of whom he heartily desires to see in chains. His chief fault is the uncertainty of his temper, and his proclivity to the gloomy "vein." O. R. E.

"BROOMS!—BROOMS!"

THROUGH the streets and back-alleys hear editors bawling,
Each cracking up, loudly, his own "broom" for sale:
"*My* broom is the only one"—this chap is calling—
For General use it must widely prevail."
"Try *mine!*" cries another cove, clownishly thrusting
The article named in the President's face;
While a third loudly roars that for "thoroughly dusting
The back of Rebellion," *his* holds the first place.

Dry up! you inveterate Union dividers!
Your Sweeping tirades on the wind go to waste:
Rest assured that your "brooms" must remain as outsiders
Till the one we are using is lost or Misplaced.
There's a HOOKER afloat, and a haven to steer to,
And Buoys that are marking the rise of the tide,
Nor will "Honest ABE LINCOLN" your howlings give ear to
Until the old "broom" has been thoroughly tried.



"BROOMS!—BROOMS!"

SHOWING HOW EACH OF THE PRESS GANG THINKS HE HAS A NEW BROOM THAT WILL SWEEP UP THE REBELLION QUICKER THAN THE OLD ONE—GENERAL HOOKER: BUT THE PRESIDENT DOESN'T SEEM TO "SEE IT."

THE BARNUM BABES.

GREAT as the Barnum-Baby-show of last year was, we are assured by a large bevy of elegantly-attired lady friends, that "our language is not provided with adjectives to express properly the wonderful exuberance of the hyacinthine tulips now on exhibition, with their mothers, at the Museum."

As we were not previously aware of the fact that tulips have mothers, we went to the Museum to judge for ourselves, and, on inquiring for "hyacinthine tulip" No. 1, were informed that it was then engaged in taking some refreshment, and might be dangerous if disturbed. "Tulips take refreshment, then?" said we, inquiringly, to a "nussy"-looking young person with pink ribbons in her cap, to which we promptly received the easily understood direction, "None of your business!" Our attention was now directed to what we at first mistook for Commodore NUTT in the Belgian Giant's night-clothes, but the interesting lady in charge of the article told us very sharply in reply to our inquiries, that there were neither giants nor dwarfs in her family; that if we ever had been a baby ourself we'd have known that the shorter the baby is the longer its clothes must be, by an inscrutable law of nature; and that, in short, that was the long and the short of it.

On Tuesday, owing to the heat of the weather, artificial babies were substituted for the real ones; and it is a curious fact in connection with the apathy of men on the subject of infancy, that not one of the "male" visitors to the Museum was aware of the deception, but all went away perfectly satisfied with the show. One of the mothers, on our asking whether the baby then exhibited by her was a wooden one, replied in the negative, adding that her husband was a Cork man.

The "Jominis" of the Press.

CERTAIN daily journalists are continually writing long articles on the subject of the Army of the Potomac, and how it "ought to be handled."

If the Army of the Potomac would only start a newspaper of its own, and write articles in it, showing how "Pumps ought to be handled," we think that the *quid pro quo* could hardly be complained of by the didactic but feeble-minded daily journalists.

THE ORIGIN OF "HAND-SHAKING."—Rum.

Well, to be sure!

HENNY persons will be interested in the following:

"A hen was recently found at the bottom of a dry well in Rutland, Barry county, where she had made a nest and laid three eggs. The well was forty feet deep, and is a most singular selection for a hen's nest."

We wonder if it ever occurred to that deep old hen whether she might not experience some difficulty in Bringing her chickens Up.

A Vein of Marble and the Grain of Wood.

A PAINTER in Sixth avenue has the following notice conspicuously posted in his window:

MARBLE AND WOOD IMITATED.

We are sorry that the tradesman in question, who appears to be a harmless kind of imbecile enough, should select either the *World* or *Daily News*, or both, as models for his imitation. Perhaps he only means that he is ready to have a Brush with them, however, in which case we do not object.

THE SHADE OF WASHINGTON.

TO HIS EFFIGY IN THE PARK.

HAIL! thou red mockery—temporary, base!
Quickly disintegrate,
And shadow forth the fate
Of the Nation that to me ascribes its place!

Thou'rt not the sole mean monument of folly
For not more rash was he
Who thought to image *me*,
Than they who carved the semblance, melancholy,

Of that proud State, unworried by turmoil,
Of which I fondly dreamed
When Hope's moon softly beamed,
And sleep, divine, had hallowed all my toil.

Less cruel was the steel that cut those lines
With vexing falsehood rife,
Than that dull mangling knife
Which mocked, with fell intent, those pure designs.

As he, whose mind presumptuous, planned thee, wrought
Till his mean work was done,
So their's, but now begun,
May, finished, darkly crown their impious thought.

For Will is potent, though alive with wrong,
And such a mighty will
As moves their engines still,
Never, since ADAM, fused so vast a throng.

But, as thy bastard atoms, through decay,
Soon must return to earth,
Where thy mean thought had birth,
And newly mingle with the general clay,—

Thus shall that base ideal image fight
The searching sun of Truth,
And showers of patient ruth,
Till all, that knew its shadow, shall be light!

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE, NO. XII.

FROM MASTER WILLIAM PECK SNIFFE.

No. 13 13th Av., May 12th, 1863.

OLD VANITY FAIR: My pa Says you are A rascal. He Says you dunt no much, & what you do no ain't True morn Half the Time. He says the menest coperhed is Better Than what you Be. He got so mad at you last night, He made mother cry, & then He scolded of Her & Told Her if She dident Stop He'd lock Her up, & that made me & Tommy cry Too, & then He wipt us and made us go ter bed in the Dark, & that was your folt, Old Vanity Fair, & I Hate you. My pa says the coperheds are gentelmen & good peple. He nose so. He is one of them. Dont you make my pa mad agane. If you do I will come down and Shute you.

WILLIAM PECK SNIFFE.

P.S.—I Hate you, old vanity fair.

SIMPLE DETRACTION.

A SCENE IN THE NATIONAL SCHOOL.

TEACHER.—"Master COPPERHEAD, take Capacity from SEWARD, Honesty from LINCOLN, Sense from Hooker, Genius from ROSECRANS, Treason from DAVIS, Dishonesty from WOOD, and Hypocrisy from VALLANDIGHAM."

MASTER C.—"I've tried to do that ever since Term began, sir; but somehow 'n' other the sum won't work!"

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

I.

NAKES are coiling in our pathway, Blowing Copperheads at that,
(How *could* old NOAH such have dumped upon Mount Ararat!)
Collateral descendants of the ancient Scaly Cuss
Who, in ADAM'S cabbage-garden, planted bitter herbs for us.
They are waiting, congregating,
With their spiteful jaws dilating,
On their venom ruminating ere the sun goes down:
Ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun goes down,
In their slimy dens debating ere the sun goes down.

II.

Set your watch upon them, citizens; the Commonwealth demands
Active measures for their crushing, with your heels if not your hands:
Never mind the old-wife story that the scotched snake cannot die
Till the last ray of the setting sun has faded from the sky,
But, regardless of their venom,
With remorseless purpose pen 'em,
And, if necessary, skin 'em, ere the sun goes down;
Ere the sun goes down,
Ere the sun goes down,
Make 'em cold as ice of Wenham, ere the sun goes down!

A GRAND IDEA.

MR. COBURN & CO. TO THE RESCUE.

D[illegible]R V. F.: Well, Mr. JOSEPH COBURN is the "Champion (P. F.) of A[illegible]erica."

W[illegible] offer him the assurance of our distinguished consideration, and hope he feels better. Though we doubt if he does—much, as yet. What a noble contrast to the fight on the Rappahannock must the fight on the Maryland beach present to the reflective and philanthro[illegible]e mind!

Here, thousands of brave men hurling fatal missiles at each oth[illegible] encountering death in a hundred forms, performing feats of desperate valor, struggling determinedly amid the smoke and carnage of battle, over piles of wounded and slain—for what? On our side at least, merely for love of country, simply for the maintenance of right, purely for the honor of our flag, for the prosperity of our nation, for the future peace of our firesides, the happiness of our children, and similar inconceivable follies.

There, behold two athletes—boldly and grandly degrading brain to its proper level, and asserting the sublimity of muscle. Behold their champions stand forth, and—without even the shadow of a quarrel, without hatred, without passion, without descending to the excuse of a principle to defend, a wrong to right, a past to redeem, or a future to establish, smilingly and cheerfully, after a cordial clasping of hands—proceed to pound each other, in a refreshing and artistic manner, into a partial jelly of pleasantly varied tints! Is this not a delightful picture for the enlightened intellect to dwell upon after the contemplation of the terrible scene on the Rappahannock?

Do put it strongly to such an intellect, if the contrast is not calculated to rouse the most exalted hopes for the moral regeneration of our species?

And here a great idea strikes us! An idea fraught, we do not hesitate to assert, with mighty and glorious consequences, should it strike "the rest of mankind" as it strikes us! This it is:

Why should we not cease the bloody strife that now desolates our land, and, profiting by the noble lesson given us by the two champions of the ring, settle the vexed question of reünion by a glorious gladiatorial combat with "the weapons nature has given us?"

Let the rebels select their fistic champions—let them gather them all—every man whose mind is merged in his muscle—and let us of the North do likewise. Let us not leave one out of the International Ring!

However numerous should be the disasters of such a field, we incline to the opinion that the world would be the better for the loss! Nay! even were these doughty knights of the "manly sport" to succumb—every man of them, o' both sides—sent to perennial "grass" in the last mighty "round" we are fain to believe there would be found compensation for their loss to the reünited nation!

Let these godlike bundles of brawn, then, come together upon neutral ground, (say Smith's Island in the Delaware, or Nassau, N. [illegible]) and with the most prominent Northern and Southern "Copperheads" as "seconds" and "bottle-holders," and an admiring people as spectators, let them go boldly in, and fight our quarrel amiably out to the bitter-sweet end!

Renewing our assurances of distinguished consideration to JOSEPH COBURN, Esquire, we should be glad to have his (and your) opinion upon the merits of the plan we have suggested.

Modestly y'rs, SCHADDE.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. IV.

AIR—*Lutzow's Wild (and Reprehensible) Chase.*

FROM yonder dark forest what horsemen advance,
With a rush like a torrent tremendous!
Hark, hark! how they yell, as though glad of the chance
To join in some conflict stupendous—
To join in some skrimmage stupendous!
If, now, you ask why these men act so,
Ten to one, you'll find the stupids don't know—
Ten to one, you'll find the asses don't know!

From yonder plantation what niggers advance,
Deserting their masters and bosses!
Some of 'em bring but a bit of romance,
But some fetch their massa's best "hosses"—
But some bring fat cattle and "hosses."
And if you ask whom they follow so fast,
'Tis old STONEMAN come to free 'em at last—
'Tis old STONEMAN going to free 'em at last!

From numbers of places, now here and now there,
What dust and what smoke are arising!
Thundering noises shake the air
With a clatter extremely surprising—
With a din that is truly surprising!
This, if you'll trust to the telegrams,
Is old STONEMAN blowing up bridges and dams—
'Tis the destroyer, ruining rebel lambs!

From hill and from mountain, from every town
That's now of the rebel persuasion,
No end of mad heroes are hastening down
To avenge this cruel invasion—
To avenge this wanton invasion!
And (if you ask what we think of this raid)
'Twas about the stupidest move we've made—
'Twas about the silliest move we've made!

Hark! men of the North, to that ominous sound
That drowns the loud din of the spoiler!
Like the wind when 'tis torn by the frost-riven ground,
Or the steam as it bursts from a boiler—
The steam as it screams from a boiler!
If, now, you ask for the meaning of this—
'Tis the *Copperhead* sounding his fiercest hiss—
'Tis the Copperhead warning all fools with his hiss!

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

S there was no legitimate drama doing in Broadway on Monday night last—if we except "Masks and Faces" at WALLACK'S, "Paul Pry" at the Winter Garden, "Leah" at NIBLO'S, B B B B B, whatever that may B, at LAURA KEENE'S, and the Living Monster Snakes at BARNUM'S Moral Milloptiсon — we traced our steps toward the distant East, to see what Mr. LINGARD does for his "pensive public" at the New Bowery.

"La Tour de Nesle"—known to the studious play-goers of the Boweries as "La Tower dee Nezlee," was unfortunately drawing to a close as we entered. The little of it that we saw and heard was fine, however, and is not likely soon to be eclipsed in the firmament of our mind by any body at present recognizable among the stars of Broadway. Mr. EDDY was engaged in strangling a portly and beautiful lady, with a crown to her head, as we took our seat in the orchestra stalls. "Marrrrgarrrret of Burrrrgundy, thou diest!" shouted he, in that sweet, flute-like tenor of his that so electrifies the parquet; and she had to die, in spite of her teeth—which were white and regular, as we noticed—because he stuck his nails into her neck until she breathed her last sigh. From this *Tour de Force* evidently comes the title of the piece, the "Tour de Nail," as it is pronounced outside the Bowery.

Following this, we had a revival of that sweet little domestic play of fancy, "Tom and Jerry." The play-bill informed us that the "crib-scene" only would be presented, in order to introduce some new and rising young actors to the public. As we have always looked upon "Tom and Jerry" as an original English play, owing nothing to the French, (like modern Mexico,) we were rather puzzled to know what a "crib scene" meant, and have a memorandum now on our tablets, to ask Mr. DE WALDEN or Mr. GAYLER the next time we meet one or the other of them, or both. The crib-scene opened with what might have been taken for a convivial party, carousing upon a maddening bowl of toast-and-water in Plymouth or any other church. The debauch was of a sombre and depressing character, until Mr. CLARK kindly appeared upon the stage, leading by their muscular mauleys two of the promising young actors before alluded to, named, respectively, JEM CUSICK and JEM MCDERMOTT. Of the former of these gentlemen we must say that his stage walk is full of *aplomb*—of the latter, that he is likely to make a hit, and a straight one from the shoulder at that. In costume these gentlemen were unexceptionable, and the size of the gloves worn by them, considering the present high price of the article, prove that they are utterly regardless of expense when the public eye has to be considered. Such liberality as this is rare upon any stage—not excepting a Broadway stage—and ought to be encouraged.

The play was beginning to drag, owing to the boisterous conviviality of the man in the white hat and checked trousers—"JERRY," we think—when Mr. JOSEPH COBURN appeared upon the scene in a very tight costume well packed with muscle. To him, presently, Mr. NORTON, whose calf was admitted by all the Bowery gentlemen present—and *they* know something about calves—to eclipse and extinguish completely what has hitherto been considered the greatest calf of the American stage. We allude to Mr. FORREST; or, to prevent misconception, let us be more explicit, and say Mr. FORREST'S. It was refreshing to find that these two gentlemen acted at each other, and not at the audience, like too many of our mere players. There was some very smart dialogue here; especially that bit where Mr. NORTON was detected in fibbing by Mr. COBURN, whose sarcasm was delivered with a flashing fist that brought down the house. The reading of both these gentlemen is remarkably original and correct, and the way in which Mr. COBURN gave "one for his nob," must be considered "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

When the curtain fell, there was a loud call for Mr. COBURN, to whom some gentleman or lady in the orchestra stalls handed a large tureen of spring vegetables on his making his appearance. It is a graceful and appropriate custom, this, and we trust that the onions were not forgotten in compiling the dish. Mr. COBURN was evidently choked by his emotions; nevertheless, aided by two prompters and an experienced call-boy, he mastered them, and, stating that "ladies and gentlemen would see him again to-morrer night for the last time," strode wildly into the wood-work, and disappeared from view.

It is wholesome to look in, now and then, upon the Regular Drama.

THE WAIL OF GOLD.

"I can't get out!"—*Little Starling.*

In kegs, or in bags—I've forgotten which,
It's so very long since they put me here—
I think of the palms that vainly itch
For me, the precious! for me, the dear!
All in the dark
I grieve and cark
I think of my brightness growing dim:
Oh, to be fair—
To be everywhere,
Gladdening hearts like a cheerful hymn!

I know I am sometimes said to be
The Root of all Evil, the bane of souls—
Ah! hate what I represent—not me!
Between us, an infinite ocean rolls!
I am the Sun,
Who joys to run
His radiant course, giving heat, giving life;
I am true Love!
And I dwell above
All hatred and wrong, all lying and strife!

Where is the purity like to mine?
Where is the truth more nobly true?
Does other beauty remain to shine,
When mine is yet fresh as the morning dew?—
Your pity pray lend
To the poor man's friend,
I never fail him, when me he holds!—
How long must I lie
And darkly sigh,
Useless, held tight in these iron folds!

I long to gladden the eyes of men,
To touch honest palms, and feel the sweat
Of virtuous labor; to light up the pen
Of the tremulous seamstress, and be her pet:
Ah! nothing can please,
In times like these,
Like an incorruptible, staunch old friend—
That hates a lie,
And will ever try
To stand for comfort, till times shall mend!

And where am I now? and who locks me away
In this dreary dungeon, in spite of all?
What dross do those creatures receive and pay—
Loathing it whether it rise or fall!—
Do they ever think—
When they eat and drink,
And strive to forget for a little while—
How quiet am I
With no sun, no sky,
And none to cheer me with look or smile?

Ah, Truth, that resides in the wells—and you—
Is often pumped out, for the common good;
But why do I stand for all that's true—
Bound as I am in stone and wood!
All in the dark
I think of the lark,
So bright, so welcome to sun and earth:
Ah! would I could fly
In that sterner sky
Where honor and truth with me had birth!